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I HAVE LOST COUNT OF THE replies to the spider problem that



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A spider in the southeast corner of a room, on the floor, wishes to get to the northwest corner of the ceiling. The room is 12 feet long, 8 feet wide and 8 feet high. What is the shortest route between the two points, and what is the distance?

It is understood that the spider must crawl in the usual manner, not leap or fly. For convenience it is assumed that the length of the room runs north and south.

* * *
SUPPOSE THE WEST WALL to be hinged along the floor. Imagine that wall let down until it is the same horizontal plane with the floor. There will then be a rectangular figure measuring 12 feet in one direction and 8 plus 8, or 16 feet in the other. The spider is in one corner and his objective in the corner diagonally opposite. Then 12×12 equals 144; 16×16 equals 256; 144 plus 256 equals 400, the square root of which is 20, the distance which the spider must crawl. With the wall in its proper position the spider will crawl across the floor to a point at the base of the west wall midway from each end and then diagonally to the desired point. The same result can be reached by crawling diagonally up the east wall to the midway point and then diagonally across the ceiling. These two routes are shorter than any other.

* * *
MOST OF THE CORRESPONDENTS used the same method but applied it to the end wall instead of the side wall. That gives a long, narrow rectangle, 20×8 feet, the diagonal of which is 21.5 plus. Curiously, having obtained that figure, they did not check with the other

walls to see which route might be shorter. One correspondent, not noting carefully the dimensions of the room, has figured its length at 10 feet instead of 12. Like most of the others he sends the spider around the end of the room instead of using one side and either floor or ceiling. That makes him lose over a foot of distance.

* * *
IT JUST HAPPENS THAT THE size and shape of the rectangle involved in reaching the correct solution of this problem are such that the answer can be reached without any knowledge of square root if one is familiar with the old 3, 4, 5 rule often employed by carpenters. A right-angled triangle with sides 3 and 4 feet long, respectively has a diagonal of 5 feet. Doubled, these figures are often employed in squaring buildings and similar work. Doubled again they give 12, 16 and 20, the dimensions with which we deal in the spider problem.

* * *
THE CODE USED IN THE first long division problem is, "Don't Give Up." In the second the code is "Background." Correct answers to both of these have been received from several correspondents.

* * *
A FRIEND OF MINE TELLS of an incident which occurred while he was attending a convention in a distant city. A man of regular habits himself he rose at the customary time one morning and went down to breakfast. In the hotel lobby he was accosted by a man who, my friend says, was much drunker than any man should be so early in the morning. Approaching him unsteadily the stranger asked: "Eshcuse me; are you drunk?" "Not yet," replied my friend. "My mishtake," apologized the stranger. "Mush be me. You're the third man that's denied it."

* * *
I HAVE AN INQUIRY FOR A poem entitled, "The First Snow" which I am unable to place. Does any reader know of it. I can't promise to publish it without seeing it, as space is limited, but if I can find it and it isn't too long I shall be glad to publish it. Otherwise I will notify the correspondent where it can be found. There is an old poem "Beautiful Snow," once popular and often parodied, which is known everywhere by its title. I think my correspondent must have another poem in mind.

SUNDAY'S HERALD CONTAINED an article from the Associated Press at Bismarck setting forth the fact that in the ten presidential



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electors in which North Dakota has participated since statehood, the state has been on the winning side nine times. Reference has been made to the single exception, that of 1892, the very first national election in which North Dakota took part, and the reader is left with the understanding that on that occasion the

state's electoral vote was cast for Weaver, the Populist candidate, and it is said that Cleveland, the Democratic candidate, was not listed on the North Dakota ballot that year.

RATHER CURIOUSLY, THERE appeared in the same issue an article by Kirke L. Simpson, of the Associated Press at Washington, whose feature appears daily on the editorial page, discussing the splitting of electoral votes, and pointing out that in 1892 the three electoral votes of North Dakota were divided three ways, one vote going to Cleveland, one to Harrison and one to Weaver.

MR. SIMPSON IS CORRECT. Because of the curious voting habits of some individuals North Dakota did not vote for anybody that year, the three votes to which she was entitled offsetting each other.

IN 1892 THE POPULIST PARTY, most of whose members in the northern states were drawn from the Republican party, had assumed considerable strength. The party had nominated as its presidential candidate Weaver of Iowa, and in North Dakota there had been at least a partial fusion of this group with the state Democrats. The Populists realized that they had no possible chance of electing Weaver president, but they felt that they had a good prospect of electing Shortridge governor of the state if they could secure the cooperation of the Democrats.

THREE SETS OF CANDIDATES for presidential electors were nominated by the several groups. J. R. Clark of Mandan, J. J. Wamberg of Hope and E. L. Yeager of Oberon were the Republican candidates; William Burnett of Cummings, Arnold P. Rondestvedt of Abercrombie and Milton D. Williams of Jamestown appeared in the official notices as the nominees of both Democrats and Populists, the law at that time permitting individuals to appear as candidates of two or more parties; and Amos M. Barnum of Mayville, G. J. Omland of Park River and G. Sumner Baskerville of Jamestown were listed as Populist-Progressives.

SHORTLY BEFORE ELECTION charges were circulated that a wicked conspiracy had been formed by certain Democrats and certain Populists whereby the Democrats agreed to vote for Weaver for president if the Populists would abandon Shortridge, their candidate for governor, and vote for Burke, Republican, for governor, and the rest of the Republican state ticket.

ON ITS FACE THAT SEEMS like a curious bargain. It was explained, however, that while their party had endorsed Shortridge, the Democrats were not strong for Shortridge, and of the two preferred Burke, even though he was a Republican. On the other hand, they wanted Cleveland elected president, and, having no expectation of carrying the state for him, they hoped to prevent the electoral vote from going to Harrison by starting a movement for Weaver.

THIS CHARGE WAS INDIGNANTLY denied by all persons accused, but at the election one elector was chosen from each group and the state thereby cancelled its own vote. Shortridge was elected governor, as is well known. It was not until several years later that the Democratic and Populist organizations actually fused by setting up a single party machine and holding a single convention.

ENOUGH REPLIES TO THE two long division letter puzzles have been received to indicate that long division is a fairly popular sport. I find, however, that some of my correspondents have relied to some extent that the numerals

are represented by letters which form a word or a sentence, and after placing a few of the letters by the actual working out of the problem they have been able to fill in the rest without further work. Here is an example with which this is not possible:

AFL)GBTMBES(LERRLEFS

TBGM
TMTL

TEEB
TRTF

TRBE
TRTF

MES
EFS

LEF

IN THIS EXAMPLE THE code "word" is not a word at all, but just a scrambled lot of letters, arranged in no particular order, so that the position of any one letter will not serve as a guide to the position of any other.

AN OBVIOUS ERROR GOT INTO McIntyre's column the other day when McIntyre was made to say that Scott wrote the 30,000 words



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of the Waverly novels in six weeks. Naturally that was not what the columnist intended to say, for 30,000 words would scarcely be called a novelette in length, and Scott spent altogether sixteen years or more on the production of the Waverly novels. I got to looking over some of the Scott novels and estimating their length. By checking number of pages and words to a page I found that several of the novels run about 200,000 words. My copy of "Waverly" has been missing for years, but it is not unlikely that it runs about 300,000 words.

SCOTT WAS ACTUALLY A very rapid writer. One biographer says that he began "Waverly" the first work of the series which was to establish him as a novelist, about 1805, then abandoned it, and that the unfinished work is said to have lain forgotten in a barrel for years. At length it was resurrected and Scott added two volumes to it in three weeks and published it anonymously in 1814.

IT DOES NOT FOLLOW, HOWEVER, that those two concluding volumes of Scott's first novel were actually the work of three weeks. That was the time consumed in putting them on paper, but we have no knowledge of how long they had been incubating in the author's brain.

"WAVERLY" CAUGHT THE public at once, and there was an immediate demand for more. Novel after novel "by the author of 'Waverly'" supplied the demand, and the anonymity was continued until long after the identity of the author had become an open secret. This was officially made public at a dinner attended by many notables of that day, and thereafter Scott wrote over his own name.

ON SEPTEMBER 21 THE CENTENNARY of Scott's death was observed with exercises of many

kinds in recognition of the memory of the man who made himself famous, first as a poet and then as a novelist. Scott was one of the few men to win laurels in both of these fields. His popularity waned with the years, but there are now indications of a revival of interest in and appreciation of his work, especially in the field of fiction. A generation which has become accustomed to daily headlines and nightly screen pictures is certain to find much of Scott's friendly chat tiresome. Those who have come to consider the only proper function of literature to be the morbid dissection of morbid character and emotions will find little to satisfy them in the Waverly novels.

BUT SCOTT WAS ABLE, AS Dickens was, to draw a character with a few strokes, apparently unpremeditated, and to make of that character a living being. He is equally powerful in dealing with the cruel and superstitious Louis XI, the blind fiddler wandering along the Scottish border and the rollicking friar who drank mighty ale and exchanged mighty blows with Richard Coeur de Lion. And for pure romance, what is there better than in "Ivanhoe," "The Talisman," and at least half-a-dozen others in the Waverly list?

McINTYRE MENTIONS EDGAR Fawcett as an example of extraordinary literary fecundity. I suppose, from the stories which were published shortly after Fawcett's death, that he was about the most rapid writer who ever lived. He is said to have kept two or three stenographers busy at the same time, dictating to them alternately the chapters of as many different stories. I have read just a few of Fawcett's stories, and I can quite believe that he was doing something else when he wrote them. I wonder if sometimes he may not have got his stories and stenographers mixed. Some of the stuff reads quite like that.

ANOTHER WRITER FAMED for his rapid writing and the volume of his output was Anthony Trollope. Like Scott, Trollope did a great deal of his writing while engaged in the performance of official duties as a government employee. One seldom hears of him now, but much of his work had real merit, of a class quite different from that produced by Fawcett.

SOMEBODY WANTS TO KNOW what I find the matter with Poe's "Gold Bug," concerning which I ventured to express a heretical opinion the other day. Be it understood that I throw no bricks at Mr. Poe, who was a genius and artist, but who, I think, stubbed his toe occasionally, as other geniuses and artists have done sometimes. One feature of "The Gold Bug" which strikes me as a defect is that it contains too many remarkable coincidences, and



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that the whole plot depends on them. There is an old saying that truth is stronger than fiction. It is recognized by most writers of good fiction that there are in actual life occurrences so strange and coincidences so remarkable that in fiction they would be regarded as absurd and impossible. Therefore, some opinions to the contrary nevertheless, your fiction writer usually exercises a certain moderation so as not to strain the credulity of his reader. In this story Poe failed to observe this wise moderation, and the story becomes extravagant.

* * *

THE WHOLE INCIDENT OF the death's head gives the impression of artificiality and unreality. Why should Captain Kidd have employed such a complicated way in which to mark the place where his treasure was buried when a simpler and more direct method would have served better? Why rely on the skull nailed to the branch of a tree to retain its exact position through years in spite of wind and weather when exactness in this particular was essential and a variation of a couple of inches was sufficient to throw the searchers off several yards?

* * *

THE CIPHER IS INGENIOUSLY worked out, but I cannot refrain from thinking that Poe invented the solution and then built the mystery around it in order to display his own skill.

* * *

I MAY BE DUE FOR ANNihilation at the hands of some of the worshippers of Poe, but, anyway, that's that.

* * *

A FEW DAYS AGO AT THE request of a correspondent I asked for the poem, "The First Snow." Several friends have directed me to James Russell Lowell's "The First Snow-fall," which is probably

the one desired. It is a little longer than I usually publish here, but in view of the early snow-fall here and the fact that at this date the ground is white, I am giving it as follows:

THE FIRST SNOW-FALL

The snow had begun in the gloaming,

And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway

With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm tree

Was ridged inch-deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Car-rara

Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails were softened to swan's-down,

And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,

Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn

Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,

As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"

And I told of the good All-father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,

When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,

Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of our deep-plunged woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall."

Then, with eyes that saw not, I
Kissed her;

And she, kissing back, could not
know

That my kiss was given to her sister,

Folded close under deepening snow.

SOME OF US WERE TALKING about the impressions made by first experiences, especially in literature and the drama, and the conversation recalled



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my first reading of certain books. For instance, my first contact with Dickens was through the reading of "Nicholas Nickelby," when I was 13 or 14. I stumbled upon the book by accident, and began to read. I was fascinated. I sneaked the book into odd corners where I could devour it when I was supposed to have been doing chores. In that manner I finished it. Because of that experience "Nicholas Nickelby" has since seemed to my inner consciousness the best of all Dickens' works, although both the critics and my own reason tell me that it is surpassed by some of the others, notably "David Copperfield," and, in a different field entirely, "Pickwick." That is how a first impression sinks in.

* * *

THERE ARE ALL SORTS OF opinions as to which of Scott's novels should be given first place, but regardless of their actual merit, "Ivanhoe" has always been first to me, because it was "Ivanhoe" that I read first. I read Scott's longer poems in school days, before I had read anything of Byrons. Then when I read Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" I was furious with Byron for his contemptuous treatment of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" and "Marmion." Such passages as this aroused my ire:

* * *

"Thus Lays of Minstrels,—may they be the last!
On half-strung harps whine mournful to the blast";

And this:

"For this we spurn Apollo's venal son,
And bid a long 'Good night to Marmoin.'"

* * *

I CAME TO ADMIRE MUCH that Byron wrote. I could even enjoy "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" for its wit, its cleverness and its biting satire, although there was much of it that I could not understand. But I could never quite like Byron, for he had insulted a friend of mine. That's the way I felt about it.

EVERYONE HAS READ MORE or less about Pompeii. Seldom do I see that ancient city mentioned without thinking of it as the scene of Bulwer Lytton's novel, "The Last Days of Pompeii, all because, as a boy, I had the city made real to me by reading that book.

* * *

IT IS CURIOUS, TOO, HOW particular features in a play become associated with the thought of certain actors. Thus, while I saw Margaret Mather in several plays, I think of her particularly as being mobbed by the peasants in "Leah," a now-forgotten drama.

* * *

LAWRENCE BARRETT WAS great in many plays, but to me his name brings up that scene in "Richelieu" where the old cardinal utters the words "Mark where she stands! Around her form, etc." Barrett was my first "Richelieu," and I have never seen the play done quite right since.

* * *

LOUIS JAMES IS ALWAYS Caliban to me, and I seem to see him in that rollicking dance with the sailors in "The Tempest."

* * *

WHEN I READ OF MODJESKA I have a vision of Lady Macbeth, all in white, entering the stage from the rear right, moaning and wringing her hands in that tremendous sleep-walking scene.

* * *

HOW TASTES DIFFER! HERE is a letter from a lady giving the answer to one of those long division puzzles, and adding "Give us some more puzzles, problems or what have you." And another from a man who sees no sense in puzzles and who wonders why I do not devote the space to the great economic puzzles which perplex us.

* * *

THE LATTER IS JUST WHAT I try not to do. This column is not intended to promote any "cause" or do anything but entertain. If the reader wishes the other sort of thing he may find it in the editorial column, in the Mail Bag or in the reported speeches on both sides of almost every question of importance which appear in the news columns. If I ever drop into politics in this column it is because my foot slips.

* * *

I FIND THAT THERE WAS an error in the last long division problem, not a printer's error, but an error in the original, and because I neglected to check it when copying it got into the published form. As published the line consisting of divisor, dividend and quotient read:

AFL) GBTMBES (LERRL

It should read:

AFL) MFTMBES (LERRL

WHATEVER MAY BE THE result of today's election it will scarcely be more of a popular surprise than the result of the election of 1892. Just before that election Republican leaders had claimed the election of Harrison by a big majority. It is true that party leaders always make such claims, often when they know that there is little foundation for them, but there is every reason to suppose that at that time the Harrison people



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believed that they had the election sewed up. That was the popular belief in Grand Forks, and when intimations of Cleveland's election came on the following day there was a general feeling that there must be some mistake. People could scarcely credit the early rumors, and when these were confirmed by later and more detailed reports there was a feeling of something akin to consternation.

* * *

IN 1896 OUR LOCAL PEOPLE had generally guessed correctly. McKinley's election was expected. But the collection of election returns was much less rapid and complete than it has since become, and it was not until late on the day following the election that Republican success was definitely established. In the meantime there was great anxiety on the part of McKinley's supporters. Was it possible that the Republican campaign, so thoroughly organized and so skillfully conducted, had collapsed at the last moment? What could be the matter?

* * *

IN THAT CAMPAIGN BRYAN had occupied the center of the stage. His famous "cross of gold" speech was the rocket that preceded a long series of fireworks and the magnetism and eloquence of the candidate fitted perfectly into a public sentiment quite similar to that which had prevailed during the past summer. It has often been said that if the election of 1896 had been held six weeks earlier than it was, Bryan would have been elected. That is a guess, possibly a good one. It is a fact that all through the campaign, right up until the last moment, there was no evidence of a lessening of the enthusiasm with which Bryan was greeted wherever he appeared. But that enthusiasm was not sufficient to carry the candidate into the White House.

* * *

I REMEMBER THAT ONE EXPLANATION of the delay in publishing the returns was that Mark

Hanna was holding back the figures until he could see what votes were needed, and where, and that at the proper moment he would have enough of the returns doctor-ed to give McKinley the majority. Hanna, of course, was the great ogre of that campaign.

* * *

NORTH DAKOTA FIGURED IN a rather important way in connection with Cleveland's second election. The Democrats had elected the president and it was clear that they would control the house. Control of the senate depended on the senators who were to be elected in 1893. W. N. Roach, Democrat, was elected to the senate to succeed Casey, Republican. That gave the Democrats the one vote which they needed to control the senate, and that made possible the passage of the Democratic tariff bill which Cleveland had urged all through his campaign.

* * *

COLLECTION OF ELECTION returns in those days was a slow affair compared with the speed of the present. The radio, which brings partial returns into millions of homes on the night of election, is an innovation whose possibility was beyond even the dreams of 1892. We had the telephone, of course, but compared with the present it was a crude and unsatisfactory thing. In many communities it did not exist, and where service was given that service was often confined to the immediate neighborhood.

* * *

FOR RAPID WORK RELIANCE was placed on the telegraph, which reached only the railway towns. Precincts distant from the railroad had no means of communicating with the county seat except by messenger, and messages had to be carried by team over dirt roads. Bad weather and resultant bad roads might hold up the returns for days, and while enough information was usually available within a day to serve as the basis for a close estimate, where the election was at all close the country might be left in doubt for a long time.

* * *

WITH OUR PRESENT FACILITIES delay in the collection of returns is due in practically all cases to slowness in counting the ballots at the precinct and delay in transmitting the information to the county seat. From that point on the organization is just about as nearly perfect as it can be made. In our own section the work of collecting, tabulating and disseminating is handled by the Associated Press, which has amplified and perfected the work initiated many years ago by individual newspapers, and which, prior to its being taken over by the Associated Press, had been developed into a fairly efficient co-operative system.

A SUNDAY ARTICLE IN THE Minneapolis Journal discusses various kinds of crooked gambling apparatus, marked cards, loaded dice



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and magnetized gadgets intended to interfere with the free operation of the laws of chance. Among the statements is that because of the high percentage in favor of the house in roulette, about seven to one, the roulette wheel is less likely to be "fixed" than any of the others, although this is sometimes done.

The wheels of which the article treats must be different from any that have come under my operation, for I have never seen one in which the odds were greatly in favor of the house. The standard roulette lay-out has—or had—36 numbers, 18 red and 18 black, with one or two additional numbers in green, marked respectively 0 and 00 if the two were used. I have heard that the wheels at Monte Carlo have only the single 0, but as I have never visited that interesting place I have no personal knowledge of the fact. Any that I have seen have had the single and double 0.

ON THE WHEEL ARE AS many little pockets as there are numbers on the table, and when the ball falls into one of those pockets the bet placed on its corresponding number wins. The percentage in favor of the house is governed, of course, by the amount paid on each winning bet.

IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS THE practice was to pay dollar for dollar for winning bets placed in colors without reference to numbers. That is, if the customer placed his dollar on red and the ball fell into a red pocket he got back his dollar with another to match it. If there had been no green numbers the house would have had no advantage whatever, as, in a long series red will come up exactly as often as black. The green numbers were added on the perfectly sound theory that in a square game the person running the game is entitled to a certain percentage to cover his cost of operation.

THE SIZE OF THAT PERCENTAGE is a matter of simple arithmetic. There are altogether 38 numbers, 18 red, 18 black and two green. Theoretically, if there were no greens, the player would win 18 times and lose 18 times in every series and would come out exactly even. But the two additional green numbers cause him to lose two more times, that is, he loses 20 times to every 18 times that he wins. The percentage is 2 out of 38, or 5.26 per cent, which is very

moderate, and quite different from seven to one.

THE PERCENTAGE IN FAVOR of the house is increased by the reduction of payments in bets made in single numbers or combinations of numbers. Thus the customary payments on single, halves and quarters were respectively 35, 17 and 8, instead of 36, 18 and 9, the proportions governing payment on colors alone.

LEST I BE CHARGED WITH habitual gambling because of familiarity with these figures I plead not guilty in advance. I never could figure any profit in it, and my experience has been confined to betting nickels for fun, and, like most other people, I usually lost. But I have watched a good deal of gambling, and I came to the conclusion long ago that the percentage in favor of the house is needless, and that any person with ample capital could play any straight game, without percentage, with all comers and make money.

THE ELEMENT IN FAVOR OF the professional is not the percentage in favor of the house, but the element in human nature which causes nine gamblers out of ten, no matter what their temporary winnings, to stick to it until they quit losers. I have seen large sums won at various games, but I have very seldom seen the winners leave the room with those sums in their pockets.

A NEW CORRESPONDENT, L. W. "Andy" Dunkin, of Drayton, N. D., sends in a neatly diagrammed solution of the spider problem, although, working from memory, he uses other dimensions than the ones given. His solution is correct for the measurements which he uses. In addition he submits a problem which is decidedly interesting and which looks much simpler than it is. Here it is:

HOW MANY SQUARE FEET of ground can be grazed by a cow tied to the corner of a barn 25 by 25 feet by a 100-foot rope?

MR. DUNKIN PRESENTS THE solution all clearly worked out. I haven't checked his figures, but assume that they are correct. At one point it becomes necessary to determine the size, in degrees, of a certain angle. I am not sure from the solution given whether that has been worked out mathematically or measured on the diagram with an instrument. If it is measured there is introduced an element which does not quite belong in a puzzle problem. If the size of the angle or worked out mathematically, which is possible it gets up into dizzy heights where I do not usually travel, and I should have to dig into the books to find how it is done. Anyway the problem is a fascinating one, and I see a lot of fun ahead on account of it.

A YEAR OR AGO I PUBLISHED in this column a story of a "petrified" man, whose discovery on a farm in northern Minnesota was one of the local sensations of 1896.



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The account which I gave was based partly on personal recollection and partly on a hasty search of newspapers files of that time. Merle Potter, of the Minneapolis Journal, has woven the facts concerning this curious find into a story for his "101 Best Stories of Minnesota, and this

story has been republished in the "Northern Headlight," trade organ of Nicols, Dean & Gregg. Some facts are given which were not included in my own account, and I am taking the liberty of reproducing, here Mr. Potter's story, which was sent me for that purpose:

* * *

A QUEER CUSTOMER WAS lodged in the Grand Forks county jail in the summer of 1896. He was in jail, but he hadn't been arrested for thievery, murder, violation of whatever liquor laws North Dakota may have had at that time, or for any other crime or misdemeanor. As a matter of fact, he hadn't been arrested at all. He was simply put in a cell for safe-keeping. He belonged to someone, but only a court could decide to whom. He was booked without a charge and without a name.

This singular individual was the celebrated petrified man of Marshall county, Minnesota, and his history was almost as sensational as that of the famous Cardiff giant. He was exhibited all over the country, became involved in lawsuits, and caused endless discussion as to whether or not he was genuine. The best authority now has it that the man was manufactured by a talented Crookston plasterer.

Bloomer, Minnesota, about fifteen miles northwest of Warren, was the scene of the "discovery" of the petrified man. An account of the discovery published in the "Minneapolis Journal" of June 13, 1896, read in part:

"D. M. Williams of Warren and Richard Omand on June 8th found the body of a petrified man in the town of Bloomer. The men were engaged in digging a culvert on the public highway when they made the find, about two and a half feet below the surface, in a bed of al-

kali clay. A large number of persons in the vicinity saw the body exhumed and can bear witness to the genuineness of the find.

"Nature has in a wonderful manner preserved the form and features of this man in a far more perfect condition than in any Egyptian mummy embalmed by the hands of man. Teeth, finger nails, moustache and even the color and texture of the skin show plainly. It is a splendid specimen of a man five feet, nine inches tall, muscular and well proportioned. A long hole in the chest might indicate that he had been killed, and the position of the hands and arms, the left resting on the chest and the right stretched out along the side, the hand resting on the thigh, would show that he had received a careful burial.

"As yet no one who has sufficient knowledge of anthropology to tell what race or age he belongs has examined the man. Certain it is from many proofs that the body has been in the ground at least 150 to 200 years, and possibly for a far longer period. Possibly the body is that of a French voyageur or courier du bois of the seventeenth century, or it may be that

of a member of some prehistoric race whose relics and traces are occasionally seen in various parts of the state. He was certainly not an Indian."

The great error made by the Crookston plasterer seems to have been in the perfection of his work. He made his "petrified man" so well that it ultimately strained the faith of even the most gullible. However, that may be, the unfortunate relic was not to have a moment's peace for many a year, for he was made the subject of several lawsuits, and eventually found himself lodged in the Grand Forks county jail awaiting final disposition.

From the outset it was conceded that those who had found the man were in no way concerned with having placed him in the ditch. Richard Omand, the tenant, on the farm, sold his half-interest in the exhibit to one William Lee, and Lee, with D. M. Williams, the other discoverer, disposed of it to a Peter Bergo for \$175—not much of a price for a prehistoric ban. Bergo took his purchase to Crookston, where he rented a store building and charged admission to see his freak, and then disposed of it for one thousand dollars, thereby turning a handsome profit.

Meantime George H. McPherin, of Minot, North Dakota, the owner of the land on which the body had been found, appeared and instituted replevin proceedings to get possession. The sheriff, who had charge of him, was so fearful for

the safety of the man that he stationed an armed guard over him night and day, and later put him in the Crookston jail. The question was whether the body was real estate or personal property. These difficulties were at last straightened out, but only after a battle in which considerable legal ability was called upon and puzzling questions were answered by an erudite judge.

The body next came into the limelight at Grand Forks, where it had passed into the possession of Anne Marie Holms, George McPherin, and M. Graham. By this time it was recognized that the thing had a great deal of potential money-earning power, so everyone who could establish any sort of a claim employed a lawyer and asserted rights.

Two La Count brothers, Antoine of Medicine Lake and Malve of Red Lake Falls, now entered the controversy. They appeared at Crookston, where they filed a complaint against the Grand Forks claimants, contending that the body was that of their father, whom they had buried in a shallow grave after he was killed near Snake River in Marshall county fifty-eight years before. The Crookston paper admitted that there was a striking resemblance between the petrified body and the brothers. Two old squaws viewed the body and identified it, to their satisfaction, at any rate, as the elder La Count. It was even said that Old La Count, who was a guide and horse dealer, limped and that the body had one leg shorter than the other. Arrest of the Grand Forks claimants was ordered, and it was feared that extradition papers would have to be issued before the argument was settled. The sheriff of Grand Forks took no chances, but kept his charge in jail behind lock and key.

At just about this time the moulds in which the "petrified man" was manufactured were discovered in Crookston. The plasterer had made the figure when he had nothing else to do. When it was discovered that it was a hoax Minnesota's interest in the discovery practically vanished. The best authority has it that it was finally sold to a traveling showman who exhibited it in those parts of the country where its true history was not known.

READERS OF THIS COLUMN who have amused themselves from time to time with the arithmetical and other puzzles which I have



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been able to dig up may find some entertainment in comparing the results of the Literary Digest's presidential poll with the actual results of the election of November 8. Probably everyone who has made such comparisons at all has been impressed first by what appears to be the remarkable coincidence between the straw vote and the real one. Thus, the Digest poll indicates the probability that Roosevelt would carry 41 of the 48 states, a forecast so extraordinary that many persons dismissed it as practically impossible. On election day Roosevelt carried 42 states, one more than the straw vote gave him.

* * *

THEN, AS THE NUMBER OF electoral votes, the straw vote gave Hoover 57 and Roosevelt 474. Hoover has actually 59 votes and Roosevelt 472. Again that is very close work. In the matter of percentages of the popular vote the returns at this moment are too incomplete in the straw vote, Hoover 37.53 and Roosevelt 55.99, will not be far from correct. That is close work, too.

* * *

DIFFICULTIES ARISE, HOWEVER, when we get further into details. The straw vote gave Hoover Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island and New Jersey. Actually he carried Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Connecticut, Delaware and Pennsylvania.

* * *

IN NEW JERSEY THE STRAW vote gave Hoover 69,828 and Roosevelt 58,101. Such a majority in a vote of that size would have meant a tremendous majority for Hoover had the proportions been carried through. Actually Roosevelt carried the state by a very large majority the figures on which are not at this time available.

* * *

IT IS IN THE CASE OF PENNSYLVANIA, however, that the most startling discrepancy occurs. Hoover received 93,057 of the straw votes from that state while Roosevelt was given 124,675. Those pro-

portionate figures were not more than reversed in the official vote.

* * *

WHILE THE STRAW VOTE placed Delaware in the wrong column little fault need be found with that error, for the straw vote was almost a tie, so that the state might be expected to go either way.

* * *

AGAIN, RHODE ISLAND assigned in the poll to Hoover by a vote of 8,856 to 7,046, was carried by Roosevelt by a good majority.

* * *

MASSACHUSETTS WAS assigned to Hoover in the poll by a vote of 60,712 to 34,569, indicating a clean sweep of the state on election day. There was a clean sweep, but it went exactly the other way.

* * *

IN INDIANA ROOSEVELT'S was much larger than indicated by the poll, and this was the case in Kansas, while the vote ran about even with the poll in Illinois.

* * *

ON THE BASIS OF THE straw vote in New York, Hoover 164,453, Roosevelt 172,765, the state might have been expected to go either way. That appearance was deceptive, as the Roosevelt majority in that state broke all records.

* * *

IN FAIRNESS TO THE POLL it should be remembered that the last of the votes recorded in it were cast two weeks before election and many of them much earlier.

During that time there had been a getting together of the Democratic factions in the east. Smith had taken the stump for the ticket, which undoubtedly had great influence with the Smith supporters in New York City, Massachusetts and New Jersey. Tammany had also come into line, which assured a big majority in New York City.

* * *

THERE STILL REMAINS THE mystery of Pennsylvania, in which state, while the customary Republican majorities were cut down materially, the traditions were followed and the straw vote was manifestly not truly representative, notwithstanding the honest effort to make it so.

* * *

IF THERE IS ANYTHING TO be learned from all this it is perhaps, that a straw vote, conducted on a nation-wide scale, under expert management so as to insure the fairest possible distribution of ballots, may give an amazingly close approximation to the official returns from the nation at large inevitable errors practically offsetting each other, but that it will not to to place too large reliance on the straw vote as applied to local results.

FOR MANY YEARS WE HAVE heard the statement that our climate is changing, and old-timers



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have been inclined to deride the idea that the little spells of weather that have occurred now and then have been real storms. In the good old days we had real storms, man-size storms, storms that would make your spine tingle. But as to the occasional puffs of wind and sprinklings of snow with which the present generation has become familiar, they are dismissed with contempt.

* * *
THERE HAS BEEN SOME justification for this view in the character of the past few winters. For several years our early winters have been almost snowless, and there have been only a few nights where the temperature has registered low temperatures worth noticing. But, if it is true that the climate changed, there are signs that it is changing back. Just now we have at least the prospect of a regular winter of the old-fashioned kind.

* * *
LOOKING BACK FOR COMPARISONS I find that the present season thus far bears a strong resemblance to the opening of the famous winter of 1896-97. That was some winter! Snow fell at intervals from some time in October, as I recall it, until just before Thanksgiving day, and then the elements turned loose everything they had. The storm increased in fury all Thanksgiving day until by evening it was scarcely safe to attempt to cross a street.

* * *
ALL THE SNOW THAT HAD fallen in the earlier weeks was picked up and with it was that from the fresh fall, so that the air was filled with a fine smother like flour, so dense that it was impossible to see through it for more than a few feet in any direction. Immense drifts were piled up everywhere. Next morning Third street looked like a section of the Rocky mountains. On the east side of the street the snow was piled

against the second story windows, and until it was removed the only access to the stores was by means of tunnels burrowed through the drifts.

* * *
MANY SMALL FARM BUILDINGS were completely buried, and in some cases fragile tar-papered roofs were crushed in by the weight of the snow. Farm groves vanished and their place was taken by enormous mounds of snow from which protruded only the tops of the taller trees. Many young groves were almost destroyed, as branches were torn off and tree trunks were broken as the snow settled and carried the tree growth with it. Rabbits, hard pressed for food, nibbled the bark from the exposed tree tops, and while it is understood that a rabbit cannot climb a tree, it is a fact that rabbits in that winter feasted on tree twigs 10 to 20 feet above the ground.

* * *
TO THE PERSON LOST IN A storm like that nothing is visible except the whirling, surging, smothering torrent of snow. All directions look alike, and attempts to guide one's course by the direction of the wind are futile because the wind seems to blow from all directions at once. Snow freezes on the eye-lashes and fills the nostrils so that one strangles in the effort to breathe. The struggle to make progress becomes a fight for breath.

* * *
NOBODY KNOWS WHAT THE weather of next week will be, but we are at least getting a good start for just such a winter as that which gave us the Thanksgiving storm of 1896. And because of the quantity of snow on the ground that winter was just a succession of storms, each one building the drifts higher.

* * *
DURING THE RECENT storm I saw a flock of birds which I could not identify feeding from weeds whose tops were just visible above a new drift. This snow must have covered up the food supply of thousands of birds, and unless other food is provided there will be great bird mortality this winter. Crumbs from the kitchen table, scatterings of grain, little bags of suet hung in the trees will save the lives of many of these little creatures, which are among our best friends.

MRS. PEARL HEATH FRASER offers a suggestion which has its application in many other communities, for here are many other sections in which



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there are natural landmarks which served the early settlers in good stead. Mrs. Fraser writes: "Considerable interest has been manifested in the last few years in the old landmarks. To mention the "Lone Tree" to pioneers who lived west of the city is to recall an old friend, but many of the younger people have never heard of this tree and most of the pioneers who are still living do not know it is yet alive."

* * *
"SENTINEL OF THE PRAIRIES, fifty years and more ago when roads were yet only trails and Grand Forks a mere trading post an old elm, growing about seven miles west of Grand Forks, which had been saved from fire by a bend in the coulee was the landmark by which those west of town for many miles knew their direction and found their way to the Forks. It was called the "Lone Tree" because there was no other tree closer than along the Red river.

* * *
"TWO YEARS AGO MY MOTHER Fannie Heath, my son and I started out to find this tree. When I was a small child we had picked choke cherries near it but mother had forgotten its exact location. When we reached the vicinity where we believed it to be we questioned many people and much to our amazement found most of them had never heard of it. Some flatly declared there was no such tree. One man who had often gone past it years before directed us to a spot over two miles from its real location. At the end of the afternoon we talked to two old pioneers who remembered its exact location. It was too late that day to continue our search but we returned another day.

* * *
"THE ELM IS IN THE CENTER of a section. To reach it one must go through a pasture, then cross a dense thicket of poison ivy,

nettles, weeds and shrubs. Many other small elms have grown up around it now since fire no longer sweeps the prairies, and a veritable jungle of choke cherry trees, wild plums and other vegetation. Small wonder then that the tree is forgotten, and unknown by those who travel on the fine, graded road only a half mile away.

* * *

"IT SEEMS THAT SOME ATTEMPT should be made to save and mark this tree which is now so large that two people reaching around it can only touch each other's finger tips. It has perhaps lived for two or three hundred years and at least another hundred years of life is possible if given proper attention."

* * *

TODAY A SINGLE TREE ON the prairie in the Red river valley is inconspicuous because there are trees in every direction, but fifty years ago it was different. There were none of the groves which now form a continuous fringe around the horizon, and wherever there was a tree which had lived through flood and fire and the other hazards of tree life and attained proportions which entitled it to be considered a tree, it became a guide to the traveler, a sign post which enabled him to chart his course.

* * *

THE "LONE TREE," wherever it may be situated is a sturdy fellow, in many respects resembling the pioneer whose landmark it was. Gnarled and wrinkled it is apt to be, scarred by the seasons, and lacking the expansive proportions of those that have grown in more favorable surroundings. But its fibers are tough as whip-cord and its roots have taken firm hold on the earth. And in storms that level its more gently reared relatives to the ground the lone tree survives, with foliage tattered and branches broken, perhaps, but with the power within itself to heal its own wounds and continue its life of usefulness.

* * *

WHO HAS PRESIDENTIAL buttons to spare? Lila Lee Strand, of Brocket, N. D., is making a collection of them, and she has been unable to obtain any of this year's issue except the Roosevelt and Hoover buttons. If any readers have buttons representing the minor candidates and can spare them Miss Strand will be glad to send postage for them.

DOES ANYONE IN TOWN REMEMBER where the first Y. M. C. A. local headquarters were? When I first knew the institution its rooms



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were in the old frame building on the corner of Third and Kittson, the site now occupied by the Panovitz building. Later the association moved to the basement of the Security building, where it remained for several years, I think until the main unit of the present building was built. There was a gymnasium of a sort in the north room of the basement, and there a good many of the boys who are now men did flip-flops and performed evolutions on the rings and bars. It wasn't much of a plant and there wasn't much equipment, but it was a lively place and the members of that day enjoyed it as much as their successors have done the facilities since provided.

IT WAS IN 1886 THAT THE association was organized, with Dr. S. P. Johnson president, R. B. Griffith treasurer and W. E. Parsons executive secretary. George Gorden was the first general secretary. I am not sure as to the early secretaries, but so far as I know Gorden was succeeded by M. B. Van Vranken, who was secretary for several years, and whom I remember well.

DR. JOHNSON, THE FIRST president, was a local dentist who was greatly interested in boys' work, and who also had a flair for mimicry which made him an excellent entertainer. He was a popular figure at the entertainments of the young society, and he was always willing to perform. For a number of years Dr. Johnson wrote humorous sketches of New England life, and he published one book, "Zebediah Sartwell," copies of which are still to be found on Grand Forks library shelves.

THE LIST OF EARLY MEMBERS of the association includes the names of most of the men who have since become prominent in the affairs of the city. One name revered by early University students is that of Professor John Macnie, who was dearly loved for his great human qualities and atrociously victimized by students who could not resist the temptation to take advantage of his absentmindedness and nearness of vision. Guy C. H. Corliss, later supreme justice of the state, and now a practicing

attorney in Portland, Oregon, was one of the early members, and a very active one.

WHEN THE NEW BUILDING was in prospect and the raising of funds presented itself as a problem, Harry Tuttle, secretary at that time, and J. D. Bacon made a trip to St. Paul to interview James J. Hill on the subject and their mission was so successful that they returned with Mr. Hill's subscription of \$5,000.

THE ASSOCIATION HAS OCCUPIED an important place in the affairs of the community, and there are many of our older residents who look back with pleasure on their contact with it in the early years.

ENCLOSING A CLIPPING from the New York Times announcing the appearance at the New Amsterdam theater of the San Carlo Grand Opera company for two weeks of classic opera Dr. J. E. Engstad writes:

"INCLOSED CLIPPING FROM a late issue of the New York Times is of great interest to me. While practicing in Minneapolis I became intimate with the owner and manager of San Carlo, whose name has slipped my memory. I think his name was Gallo.

"HE ORGANIZED THIS OPERA company in Minneapolis, but he didn't more than make expenses on one or two weeks run. Then he took his troupe on the road. He repeatedly told me that he decided to take his troupe on the road. On his first trip he lost money in every town until he came to Grand Forks, where his troupe sang for a full house for a whole week. From Grand Forks he barnstormed the smaller towns and villages throughout North Dakota and Montana, returning to Grand Forks when his coffers were about empty. From Grand Forks his reputation spread to Minneapolis, and on his return his troupe usually drew a full house. Anyway, the manager was profuse in expressing his appreciation of the support Grand Forks music lovers showed him."

I THINK THE DOCTOR MUST be mistaken about the repeated appearances of the San Carlo company in Grand Forks, but the company certainly did appear here on at least one occasion and played to a crowded house. The numbers were given in the Auditorium, and as I recall it the bill included "Lucia," "Aida" and "Tales of Hoffman." Grand Forks people may derive satisfaction from the fact that the company which they appreciated so highly twenty years ago is now one of the major opera companies of the country.

OUR OLD FRIEND AND PHILOSOPHER, Budd Reeve, of Buxton, volunteers to use the remaining copies of his book, "Washington's



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alone would be a sure guarantee of success. I have every reason to know from personal experience of his spirit and worth as a helper. Years ago, when a stranger, on the rocks in the sea of debt, he put out his hand and saved me. He is a white man!

* * *

"I AM GLAD IF AN OPPORTUNITY has come when I may help 'keep the pot boiling.' It will be most cheerfully embraced.

* * *

"MY FAITH IN GOD IS UNBREAKABLE. It is no longer a dream, it is fixed and certain reality, and the harder the pressure the greater the light. Knowing that where God alone is the only hope he has never failed to meet the condition, and never will.

* * *

"THIS IS NOT A MATTER OF faith; it is a real experience, knowing in time that all things come right and will be found for the best, when God is trusted for results.

* * *

"THE BOOKLET MAILED YOU under separate cover speaks for itself. It is the living evidence of God's hand in human affairs on earth. As the maker of man He is interested in man's success. For this reason the one bearing the maker's name and image is bound to fill the place and reach the end designed.

* * *

"WASHINGTON'S TEMPERANCE Victory" holds everything necessary for you to know. It was gotten out to show what a super-American arm gained for independence and the founding of our nation against a drunken arm of British hirelings.

* * *

"SHOWING WHAT TEMPERANCE meant is a matter of history in connection with our nation. I

thought it would be a good subject to put before school children in the line of education, and to interest them in it, supposing that the parents and public authorities would aid, a premium of 50 cents was offered to every school child who sold a book, and one dollar was to be put in the treasury for the cause of temperance, at that time called 'Prohibition.' Greatly to my surprise and disappointment not one soul noticed the call or came forward to act. Now there is a nation-wide celebration of George Washington's two hundredth anniversary and a majority of 40,000 has been registered for beer in North Dakota.

* * *

"NOW THE OFFER MADE TO the schools is turned over to the Salvation Army—one dollar to help the needy, twenty cents to those who solicit for every book sold, and twenty-five cents to yours truly for each book taken. I think there are 500 copies in the hands of the printer. I will write and find out. It is easier to raise a dollar where you have something in return to give for it.

* * *

"MAN WAS MADE TO HELP himself by helping others. Money does not meet its use without the right spirit and object backing it. Answering the call is God's work and He never fails. So the needy will be fed, the spirit of George Washington is back in the drive. Give it a chance. The Christmas of 1776 will live forever."

* * *

BUDD REEVE IS A CHARACTER of perennial interest. Near 90 years of age, bedridden most of the time, destitute of material wealth, his mind is active and his spirit serene, and, while his philosophy is strongly tinged with mysticism which is unfathomable to most of us, he is continually seeking ways to increase the happiness of his fellow men.

* * *

ARTHUR W. CUTTEN, Famous Chicago speculator, tells in a magazine article how he came to be a speculator, and preliminary to the main article he gives some facts about his early boyhood. He was born in 1870 at Guelph, Ontario, and went to school there. I may have seen the youngster as I passed through Guelph on the Wellington Grey & Bruse quite often in those years, and I may also have seen there the boy who was later to become Captain John McCrae, and who was to immortalize himself by writing that wonderful poem "In Flanders Fields." What a lot of coming greatness we may pass by without recognizing it!

E. M. ALDRICH TELLS ME that he was one of the organizers of the Grand Forks Y. M. C. A., and that the first meeting place



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was in an upper room of a saloon building on South Third street between the site of the present old Herald building and the railway track. He does not remember the name of the saloon keeper. Mr. Aldrich says that the Y. M. C. A. was organized by a group of young men belonging chiefly to the Baptist, Metho-

dist and Presbyterian churches, and that during the first year no regular secretary was employed. The entire work was carried on by the members themselves, and from the membership were selected men who, in turn, took charge of the devotional services held each Sunday.

* * *

THE SECOND YEAR OF THE organization's life was marked by the employment of a secretary named Mott who devoted part of his time to the work. The name of George Gordon was given me as the first general secretary, and I suppose he was the first official employed to devote his full time to the work.

* * *

AS THOSE FAMILIAR WITH the history of the Y. M. C. A. its original purpose was chiefly devotional. It was on that basis that the first association was organized in England in 1844 by George Williams and a few young friends. In keeping with its purpose to surround the lives of young men with Christian influences the organization has broadened its scope and entered the fields of physical culture and mental training as applied to young boys as well as men.

* * *

THE EARLY EXPERIENCE OF the Grand Forks society in starting as a self-contained volunteer association was the common experience in the smaller communities. As a rule the headquarters of the association consisted of a reading room and nothing more. There the members were at liberty to spend their leisure time reading, and presently participating in such mild forms of entertainment as

were supposed to be in keeping with the somewhat rigid idea of an earlier period. Undoubtedly most of the founders of such organizations would have been horrified at the thought of so wicked a piece of furniture as a billiard table in a Y. M. C. A. room, and while a medicine ball might have been tolerated if any such thing had been known, it would still have been regarded with disfavor as representing the things of this world rather than those of the world to come.

* * *

IT IS INTERESTING, TOO, TO note that notwithstanding the line of demarcation between the saloon and the church, and the things that each represented, there was often a spirit of real friendship in pioneer communities between the saloon keeper and the church people, as evidenced by the fact that in the absence of church buildings religious services were often held in saloons, and that such meetings were always conducted with reverence and decorum. The fact that the first Y. M. C. A. in Grand Forks had its headquarters in a saloon building is quite typical.

* * *

IN MORE MODERN DAYS there was evidence of the same spirit in the courteous treatment accorded Salvation girls who made the rounds of the saloons with their tambourines, making their usual collections. I have seen those girls pass through crowds of as rough men as could well be got together, where liquor was flowing freely, but I never saw the slightest evidence of anything but a respectful attitude toward them.

* * *

IN THE PROSECUTION OF its work the Y. M. C. A. has in later years given much attention to athletics, its ideal being the development of symmetrical character to which a sound body is an important adjunct. Hence the association gymnasium, sometimes with exceedingly elaborate equipment.

* * *

I HAVE HAD NO ANSWERS yet to the cow problem, which, I take it, is a little difficult for those who have not have some rather advanced mathematics. If any readers have worked out solutions to the point where they find it necessary to ascertain the measurement of an angle I should be glad to hear from them and to check their work that far with the solution supplied by Mr. Dunkin, who supplied the problem.

MRS. FRASER'S DESCRIPTION of the search for the lone tree which had served as a landmark in pioneer days brought recollections



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of old times to Mrs. W. S. Begg, for that tree was one of the familiar objects in her childhood. It grew on the farm of her father, the late J. S. Milne, and around it the children of that large family played. From its branches hung a swing where the children spent many pleasant hours. Quite nat-

urally Mrs. Begg regards the old tree with affection. John Milne was one of the earliest settlers in this part of the Red river valley. I had never known him in the east, but I knew other members of the family well. Two brothers, William and David Milne, cousins of his, lived at Ethel, in Huron county, Ontario, where my own father lived for several years, and where I visited often. David was a substantial and progressive farmer. William operated a saw mill, a grist mill and a farm and occasionally dipped into other lines of business.

* * *

LIKE MOST VERSATILE MEN of this type Bill was quite apt at times to be short of money. He had all sorts of property, but there were times when the task of keeping all his irons hot at once was too great, and in the effort to keep them all going he might find them all cool. But even when obliged to scrape the bottom of the barrel Bill never lost his cheerfulness and resourcefulness.

* * *

THERE WERE TIMES WHEN it was necessary for him to defer payment of wages, and while everyone was confident that the money would be forthcoming ultimately the delay sometimes became inconvenient. The saw mill ran intermittently, occasional shut-downs being unavoidable when the demand for lumber slackened. The grist mill ran quite steadily. The grist mill office, therefore, was a favorite hang-out for workmen at the other plant temporarily out of employment, and when the need for money became urgent the men would agree that on a certain day they would gather in a body and present their united demand for cash.

* * *

BILL WAS A KICKING GOOD story teller, and wherever a crowd gathered there was sure to be some tall story-telling if he were pres-

ent. If he came down to the mill office and found an unusually large delegation here he probably knew what it was all about, but he gave no sign. He greeted everybody, cordially, cracked a few jokes, and perhaps got an argument started. Presently he would launch into a yarn which would hold the listeners spell-bound. The story finished, and while interest in its climax was still at its height, Bill would step out, ostensibly to give one of the millers some instructions, and he would fail to return.

* * *

TIME AFTER TIME HE ESCAPED being cornered in just such ways, and when his victims came to they would laugh at themselves and each other for having another of Bill's jokes played on them. Bill prospered in Huron county, and then, when timber became scarce he moved into the new lumbering region about North Bay and launched into the lumber business on a large scale. When I last heard of him he was still actively engaged in that work, although he must then have been eighty or more.

* * *

WHEN I WAS ABOUT TO make my first trip into the west and Bill learned that I was going to Dakota he said: "I have a cousin John somewhere in Dakota. You may run across him." It was a good many years before I did, but presently I found the old gentleman located in Grand Forks, he having retired from the farm which he had operated for many years.

* * *

IN SIZE THE JOHN MILNE family was a truly pioneer family. There were eight daughters who became respectively Mrs. W. S. Begg, Mrs. J. E. McLean, Mrs. C. E. Garvin, Mrs. H. H. Tuttle, Mrs. A. R. Griffith, Mrs. C. A. Pomeroy, Mrs. Maude Adams and Mrs. H. B. Finch. One son, Fairly J. Milne, lived in California.

* * *

SEVERAL TREES STAND OUT distinctly in my recollection. One was a great willow, broad and low-branching, which shaded a considerable portion of the back yard. I liked it because, on account of its low-branching habit, it was easy to climb, and at certain strategic points upward I had contrived resting places and refuge where I might crouch concealed and secure from molestation by Indians, lions and other enemies. Under it, in the summer time, the family washing was done, and there was used that marvel of mechanical ingenuity, a washing machine. It wasn't one of the modern electrical contrivances, but one with an internal dingus that rocked back and forth in response to man-or woman-power applied at the handle.